Or rather ſay the cauſe of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cauſe:
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter, have while ſhe is mine,
Who in her duty and obedience, marke,
Hath given me this; now gather and ſurmiſe.
To the Celeſtiall, my ſoules Idoll, the moſt beautified Ophelia.
That's an ill phraſe, a vile phraſe, beautified is a vile phraſe: but you ſhall heare, thus in her excellent white boſome, Theſe, &c.
Queen. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?
Pol. Good Madam ſtay a while, I will be faithfull.
Doubt thou the ſtarres are fire, *Letter.*
Doubt that the ſunne doth move,
Doubt truth to be a lyer,
But never doubt I love.
O deare Ophelia *I am ill at theſe numbers, I have not art to reckon my groanes; but that I love thee beſt, O moſt beſt beleeve it: Adieu.* *Thine evermore moſt deare Lady, whileſt this machine is to him,* Hamlet.
Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter ſhowne me,
And more about have his ſolicitings,
As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All given to mine eare.
King. But how hath ſhe receiv'd his love?
Pol. What doe you thinke of me?
King. As of a man faithfull and honourable.
Pol. I would faine prove ſo; but what might you thinke
When I had ſeene this hot love on the wing,
As I perceiv'd it (I muſt tell you that)
Before my daughter told me; what might you
Or my deare Majeſtie your Queen here thinke,
If I had plaid the deske, or Table-booke,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
Or lookt upon this love with idle ſight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my young Miſtreſſe thus I did beſpeake:
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy ſphere,
This muſt not be: and then I precepts gave her, That